



## THE PRINCIPIA.

great earnestness of voice and gesture, hoping that they might never come back, *never*.

The children on the plantations are as happy as schoolboys have ever seen. They are eager to learn and some advance with rapidity. A group of them gathered about the "quadrangle" were asked who their teacher was, and when their eyes glistened and their white teeth appeared, and each seemed anxious to answer, the eye of the inquirer rested upon one of them who almost danced as he cried out, "Miss Nelly, Sir!" And Captain people of the North, have reason to be glad that these poor people have descended to those of low estate, and are so willing and so able to do them good. Some instruction is given to adults as well as children, and their progress is encouraging.

The superintendents who have been sent out by the Friends of Association are scattered over the plantations, and in some instances military lines, one of them sometimes taking charge of several plantations. The allotted task of laborers is generally finished in half a day, leaving the rest for work on their own patches. It is said that they sometimes show more alacrity for their master, than the former, and this is not without reason. If it had happened that they have not been paid for distinction, as they were to have been. They were to be paid for picking cotton what would have given them from ten to twenty-five cents a day, and they were to receive wages for planting. But to a great extent the wages are small, and as their masters fled without giving them their advance of clothing, they are in want, and hence their low birth suspicion that payment will never come. This ought to be remedied without delay. Humanity and good policy require it. It is to be regretted, that, to some extent, these poor people have received for their cotton-picking goods instead of money, a price little corresponding with their rate of work; as, for example, calling 25 cents a yard; making \$1.50 per gallon, 25 cents, 20 cents; 15 cents, 20 cents a pound, &c.

The people are fully aware that they are under law, and in cases of discipline are submissive to authority. A man who had ill-treated his wife was compelled to make a formal apology to a *Superintendent*, a son of one of the finest scholars in the land, who left the advantages of home to go to work on these plantations, and the end of his life to improve them, yielded implicitly to his master. And no man who visits the plantation and sees these laborers, can doubt their removal would be injurious to both. Nothing but profligacy can account for the idea that the Negroes, as slaves, do very well here, but as free men, could not accomplish something else; as if gross ignorance, the task, and brutal treatment could not serve as a scourge of human beings anywhere! These are to the master, as are an ample field of labor, can easily support themselves, and are easily governed. Public justice has brought their oppressors to break off the yoke that seemed immovable, and now all that is wanted is simple common sense to improve the opportunities already offered.

A more loyal people never lived. And there are fine examples of loyalty and self-sacrifice of these slaves, in making their way to the main to these islands, with companies of their fellows in charge, in hope of freedom. A man lost at the "quarters" in Beaufort, who, for six months, was traversing swamps and woods, and crossing rivers, to reach it, with twelve others, who had brought him from the north, peril and hardship, and tasking every day his own life by his labors and exposure.

The agents for the Freedmen owe much to our countrymen for their kind and careful guidance, fully realizing the governmental difficulties growing to the work, and cheerfully did their duty, exposed to it. This was the case with Gen. Sherman, and is so still with Gen. Stevens. None can doubt that it will be so with Gen. Hunter, who has recently been assigned to this post, and whose frank disposition toward the Freedmen is well known.

There is still greater want of clothing, many of the poor people being almost without it. The laborers employ the Government, and who singularly have been allowed to purchase, at low prices, some of the clothing sent out for distribution. It have thus been shielded from the exacting demands of masters, while money is used to supply the wants of others who are less fortunate.

[The above is understood to have been written by Edgar Kirwan, Esq., of this city, a gentleman of high standing for intelligence and candor, who has personally visited Port Royal.]

## The Principia.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1862.

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Letters for Mr. WILLIAMS, should be directed to the office of the *Principia*. At the same place,

—THE FOOLERY THAT IS FETTERING THE NATION.

The *Principia* in reply to a correspondent, says:

"We do not admit that the People of either a State or a Territory, have any right to say that one innocent man's sinews and earnings with his life and children, shall be the property of any other. The difference between States and Territories is this: Territory is under the jurisdiction and control of the Federal Government; we mean, of course, a loyal State is not subject to its domestic legislation and policy, to any such control. In other words: We hold Slavery to be essentially a matter of force and violence, not of law and justice; but it is a wrong which the nation can prevent in the National Territories, not in the loyal States."

We have a word or two to say in reference to these statements of the *Principia*.

1. We should like to have the *Principia* state, by what principles of Civil Government, and by what provisions of the Constitution, it supposed that the nation, (that is, the government), can prevent slavery in the States?

We will look at these questions in their order.

2. We should like to have the *Principia* tell us if it can, why the same principles of Civil Government, and the same provisions of the Constitution, do not authorize the National Government to prevent slavery in the States?

We know not how the *Principia* would answer these questions.

3. The principles of Civil Government, require of every Government, that it shall protect all its innocent subjects from slavery. All the inhabitants of the Territories are subjects of the National Government; that Government is, therefore, bound to protect them from slavery.

4. The Constitution agrees with the principles of Civil Government, it declared objects being to "establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty, to the people of the United States, and their posterity." Though the letter of this declaration specifies only "States," it is fair to infer that the Territories are included in its benefits. The "spirit" of the Constitution requires this, certainly.

5. The provisions of the Constitution authorize require, and enables the National Government to secure the declared objects of the Constitution.

The provisions alluded to, include the benefits of the writ of habeas corpus, due process of law, personal security, religious liberty, freedom of speech and of the press, right to bear arms, right to petition, &c., also the prohibition of bills of attainder, *ex post facto* laws, laws impairing the obligations of contracts, &c., together with the guarantees of a Republican form of Government, all these fortified by the declarations that "this Constitution is the supreme law of the land," and that "Congress shall have power to make all laws necessary and proper" for carrying into effect these provisions.

Having thus set forth these objects, provisions, and prohibitions of the Constitution, together with

these powers of Congress to make them effective we would next argue that, although the people of the Territories are not specially included, as entitled, equally with the people of the States, to the benefits of this Constitution, yet it is reasonable to infer that they were not intended to be excluded, especially, since no mention is made of such an exception against them.

Thus fortified, we should then be able to main-

tain that the clause of the Constitution, providing that Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property belonging to the United States.

Carries with it the power and obligation of legislating for the inhabitants of the territory, providing for each and all of them the protection which the Constitution provides for the people of the several States.

6. But, in thus proving the right and duty of Congress to protect the people of the Territories, we are not, however, able to infer that the former, and this is not without reason. It is to be inferred that they have not been paid for damages sustained to have been. They were to be paid for picking cotton what would have given them from ten to twenty-five cents a day, and they were to receive wages for planting. But to a great extent the wages are small, and as their masters fled without giving them their advance of clothing, they are in want, and hence their low birth suspicion that payment will never come. This ought to be remedied without delay. Humanity and good policy require it. It is to be regretted, that, to some extent, these poor people have received for their cotton-picking goods instead of money, a price little corresponding with their rate of work; as, for example, calling 25 cents a yard; making \$1.50 per gallon, 25 cents, 20 cents; 15 cents, 20 cents a pound, &c.

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controlling Editor, Horace Greeley, to repudiate from which they have been driven, to affect a standing upon a foot-hold they have, long since, abandoned.

Unable to convince either Congress or the people of the constitutional right to prevent slavery in the Territories while protecting it in the States, to abide to even themselves—the *Editor*, along with the Republican party, have practically abandoned that ground—first, by assenting to the Lecompton constitution for Kansas, if the people of the Territory, under a reign of terror and fraud, should be compelled to adopt it—next by consenting, through the Republican vote in Congress, (at the recent nomination of the Committee on Territories, Galusha A. Grow, Chairman) that Territorial Governments should be organized, with restrictions against slavery; next by so framing the Chicago platform that its utterances on the subject of forbidding slavery in the Territories were ambiguous and evasive, Mr. Greeley advising that the topic should be dropped altogether—and finally, by carrying the electoral vote of Connecticut and other sections of the country, on the representation (endorsed by the Republican State Convention of Connecticut) that the exclusion of slavery from the Territories was no longer a party issue, and that between Republicans and Douglass Democrats, there was a perfect agreement and understanding that the people of the Territories should, for themselves, determine the question of slavery, when prepared to be admitted as States; the latter point having been ad-

mitted as States; the former, as Territories.

Carries with it the power and obligation of legislating for the inhabitants of the territory, providing for each and all of them the protection which the Constitution provides for the people of the several States.

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## Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

## Shall we Pay for the Slaves?

By Mrs. H. D. Whitehouse.

Pay the arrogant master, who, long with the steel  
Iron oppression, has ground his proud heel.  
In the hearts of the down-trodden children of God,  
And wretched, relentless, the blood-crusader'd rod?  
Go! Ask thy fond mother; ask thy widow wife;  
Who, at freedom's high bidding, have yielded the life  
Of son and protector? Have you slaughtered brave,  
Are we giving enough? Have I paid for the slave?

Go! ask of the noble, brave he is,  
From the wounds you have given, on your master's head!  
Go! ask of our own martyred dead, at Ball's Bluff.  
"Have we paid for the slaves?" Are we giving enough?  
Shall we pay the slave? ask the army of graves,  
In one long, dreary line, from Atlantic's dark waves  
To where Mississippi deep current rolls.

In the valley of death? ask the army of sons,  
Who have laid down their lives that the world may be  
free?  
When they shall say "yes"; then enough let it be?  
Will we pay for your slaves? haughty southerner, your  
hand?

I raising on high the impious brand:  
The shrieks of your bondmen are crying to Heaven.  
O, pray that your crime—through mercy, forgiven,  
But reach not your hand for bright yellow gold,  
For with it own precious souls would be sold.  
When you open the graves, and from you rolling waves  
Give us back our lost lov'd ones, we'll pay for your  
slaves!

A. Wm. H. D. Whitehouse.

From the Vermont.

## Is it Peace?

Is it peace? when the ideal of nation  
Is drawn from its heart, and honor and station  
Go down in the grime, and are trailed in the dust  
By a rebel mob, in its arrogant host?

Is it peace? when the arms of a host are raised  
With hostile intent, and (triumph and despair)?  
The question of whether, and how, the strife  
Was begotten, which threatens to end our life?

Is it peace? and treason still lining the road?  
Unreconciled: the blood of our Patriot dead—  
Unrevenged, the country's (thrift and quiet) smoke?  
By the trumpet of omens, and battle's smoke?

Is it peace? and the stars that our fathers set  
In the dear old flag, like a coming sun,  
Plucked out, and the banner doffed, and made  
The symbol of treason and hope betrayed?

Nay, can it be peace, while a serpent coils  
Round the tree of State, and in evil rolls?

We struggle and wait—enduring pain  
Shall the land be saved—and the snake not slain?

What avail the millions of money? and when  
Uprisings; and the Patriotic bent?

And the solemn fact, while the Southern crime  
Suffers no harm, in the lap of time?

Oh! for a leader so great, so bold!

To the people's cause, and the country's weal  
Under that guidance, the nation's might

May be used, at least, in the line of right?

Then—with first purpose to stand or fall—  
On this only platform—Freedom for all!

The strife will be sharp, for Justice will con-

To hinder the march, for the conquest of peace;

Oct. 1st.

For the Principia.

## GONE HOME.

The angels have taken our youngest, our fairest, our beloved—one—our little Mary. We have gently closed those white, wanken lids over the soft, blue eyes, which were wont to look up into our own, so lovingly. We have smoothed the glossy curls, and straightened the little limbs, for the long rest. We have hollowed a nest in the cool, green grass, and there we have laid our "birdie."

The soft breath of spring has fanned the little grave, the bright flowers of summer have blossomed and perished. The autumn winds have swept over it, covering it with dry, withered leaves, and the white, beautiful snow of winter has wound itself closely around it, like a shroud. But the mound in the mother's heart is as fresh as when first the little grave was hollowed there. Oh! none but a mother can know the bitter desolation of that home from which the little light has gone out! Others there may be, and dear ones too; but her heart reaches out after the lost one with an eagerness and agony that cannot be controlled. She is calm, but oh! that stifling, searching at the heart, which dries the tears!

The finding of the little playthings, the waking in the night, listening for the sound of the sweet voice; the involuntary stretching out of the hand to feel if the little one is safe, and enough still, before wrong and grief had shadowed it.

Lizzie's father was a gentleman of "the chivalry," and in her mother's veins ran some of the best blood of the Old Dominion.

I cannot tell of the wrongs of her childhood and early youth; if I were to try my hand would suffice with horror, my heart, in its strong indignation, would stifle the words.

Her girlish soul was sold to a family who took her to a great city of the Northwest.

For years the "gentleman," the "lady," and their large family of children were supported by the labors of that young slave. Lizzie's dressmaker of the metropolis. She earned thousands of dollars, and it all went to the support of her master's family. The young girls in fashionable society and enjoyed their fine costumes more the less that they were first earned and then made by the young slave, who, three as intelligent, and quick as handmaids as themselves, sat through the weeks and months in a chamber at home, spending her life for them. They considered it ungrateful that she should do so.

They owned her—of course, they did! In the meantime Lizzie had married another seemed a little heavier burden than she could bear. She had borne it to be a slave herself. She would not be a mother of any empty air!

Why should we mourn so? Is not our darling taken away from care, and pain, and toil, and weariness, to the beautiful country, where Go's own hand shall wipe all tears away?

Should we not rather be joyful in the thought that while we remain here, striving and toiling, we have ours at rest; that when tired life's weary march, we lay down our burden and go home to our Father's house, we shall have one dear child to greet us, and put her soft arms around our neck, and mingle her sweet tones with ours, saying: "Worthy is the Lamb who was slain."

Sarah T.

## Stories about the Slave.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, April 1862.

## A SLATE-GIRL'S STORY.

Bena is a cunning little nig; the oddest and the jolliest little Congo that I ever saw. She is a perfect Congo—no blood of the chivalry in her.

A head thickly padded with wool, jutting out here and there in fantastic tufts; a nose which looks as if it had been flattened to her face by a single blow; lips like two sausages at the ends, opening over large teeth, white and glistening; eyes large and liquid, soft and shiny, boring eyes has Bena.

She is nine years old; wears shoes more substantial than stylish—regular brogans; a long blue woolen frock down to her heels; a white apron, with an enormous pocket crammed to bursting with handless dolls and their ragged wardrobes, with broken crockery; beads which always need stringing, and a leaf of an old catalogue, which she knows by rote, for she is a perfect little Papist, and crosses herself like a saint.

This is Bena—do you see her?

I open my door and from behind it pops Bena with a bunch of flowers in her hand.

"Be watch' out yer dis long time. Pick-ed dead flowers for Missy; know'd she liked dese ar'" says the little sinner, with an insinuating voice, and a grin which almost stretched her mouth to her ears.

Lizzie's integrity, talents and true womanhood had won her many influential friends.

Ladies, who thought slavery a very pretty and convenient institution, some way felt that woman as Lizzie being a slave." The length of advanced twelve hundred dollars to purchase Lizzie's freedom, and her master found out that she must sell it, as he was told, to him.

"Why, I am the minister myself; and if you will come with me, I think I can do you some good.

"My hands are dirty, I cannot go."

"I am so little that I can't wash and jump at the same time."

"If you will wash, I'll jump."

He at once set to work and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped, the little boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean.

FURNISHING FREEDOM.

asked the other day, as the child stood in the middle of the room, her large dewy eyes gazing mistily out in the distance.

"Sout my fader and mudder. They's way up there in the country," pointing toward Maryland.

You don't love your, father and mother, I asserted.

"Yes, Mis', I do. I loves 'em better than anybody in dis world. I thinks about 'em all de time. Las' night I dreams my mudder stands over my bed and kissed me, and so did Posy, she's way up thar, too. Posy," and at this thought Bena began to cry in earnest and would not be comforted.

Bena is one of the gentlest and most affectionate of children. If she only had a ripple of Saxon blood in her veins we might claim it as the source of all these quick, strong affections, but as I told you, Bena is a Congo.

Bena is a heathen. She needs missions, worshipping her wooden gods under the palms of the tropics. It is true, Bena knows a few strong passages in a Catholic catechism, but she is very slightly acquainted with the Virgin Mary, and much less so with her son.

But Bena has the reputation of being the most profitable servant in the house. She takes care of herself, she makes her own simple clothes, she waits on everybody, yet has time to carry tardy flowers into blossom for my tea-set, or to drop down on the staircase or in the sunshiny anywhere to draw the head with them.

When slavery is abolished in the District of Columbia of course it will be a great pity that such a child should be free. Poor thing! what will come of her when she can go up there?" and her "mudder" and Posy, if she likes!

A SLAVE "BOY" AND HIS FAMILY.

Albert is a young mulatto, soft-footed, soft-voiced, with fine intuitions and affections. Albert has a wife who has not seen eighteen years, and a baby that has not even eighteen weeks.

This baby fills Albert with amazement and admiration. He can scarcely wait for us to finish our dinner, he is so anxious to go down to town to look at it; and as the days go on his wonder grows in no wise to diminish.

His mistress says that Albert never "shirked," but he wanted so much time to look at "that baby."

Yesterday he made such an extraordinary noise about the girl that I looked up to see what was the matter. Having gained attention he remarked with some embarrassment, "If Mrs. A. was willing, he would like to bring his boy up some pleasant Sunday and have his look at it."

I said that I should like to "look at him," and asked the name of this wonderful child.

"Elmer Ellsworth Warfield," said the father, hotly.

"Where did you find such an aristocratic name?" I asked.

Warfield is the name of the gentleman who raised me, a very fine gentleman. And I named him besides after our Cunnel Ellsworth—that was killed. I blacked his boots every day when he was over to the Capitol. He alias paid me twice as much as it was worth. Alus had a kind word to say to me. He was kind to his men, kind to everybody was Cunnel Ellsworth—a kind gentleman never drew the last of his life. If my boy grows up to be half as kind he'll do. It never occurs to Albert that really he has no right to say my boy."

Albert's wife is a slave and this young Elmer Ellsworth Warfield is a slave. His mistress wanted him to sell her right well him a chicken. Great consolation then, when he sold it to Albert to talk of "my boy."

When slavery is abolished in the District of Columbia, what a piece of injustice it will involve—to Albert's wife the right to own her self, and to both the joint right to their mistress's family besides, as they do now?

My wife fails to comprehend such logic.

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.

Some of the wealthiest men in the city are colored. Two of them have mortgages on the houses of United States senators for all that they are worth, while there is hardly a free colored family in this city who do not own a home in which they live.

Yet Garret Davis stands up in the Senate and hounds in small of negroes to take care of themselves, and the wretchedness of free blacks. He presented the pitiable case of a widow lady, Lydia, proved to be a scoundrel, who sold her sole means of support, six slaves. He

will be to Albert to talk of "my boy."

When slavery is abolished in the District of Columbia, what a piece of injustice it will involve—to Albert's wife the right to own her self, and to both the joint right to their mistress's family besides, as they do now?

My wife fails to comprehend such logic.

A STYLISH BLACK WOMAN.

Lizzie——is a stately, stylish woman. Her skin is tawny, but her features are perfectly straight, black, shining. A smile half sorrowful and wholly sweet makes you love her.

Her heart reaches out after the lost one with an eagerness and agony that cannot be controlled. She is calm, but oh! that stifling,

searching at the heart, which dries the tears!

The finding of the little playthings, the waking in the night, listening for the sound of the sweet voice; the involuntary stretching out of the hand to feel if the little one is safe, and enough still, before wrong and grief had shadowed it.

Lizzie's father was a gentleman of "the chivalry," and in her mother's veins ran some of the best blood of the Old Dominion.

I cannot tell of the wrongs of her childhood and early youth; if I were to try my hand would suffice with horror, my heart, in its strong indignation, would stifle the words.

Her girlish soul was sold to a family who took her to a great city of the Northwest.

For years the "gentleman," the "lady," and their large family of children were supported by the labors of that young slave. Lizzie's

dressmaker of the metropolis. She earned

thousands of dollars, and it all went to the support of her master's family. The young

girls in fashionable society and enjoyed

their fine costumes more the less that they

were first earned and then made by the young

slave, who, three as intelligent, and quick

as handmaids as themselves, sat through the weeks

and months in a chamber at home, spending

her life for them. They considered it ungrateful

that she should do so.

They owned her—of course, they did!

She is a cunning little Congo that I ever saw.

She is a perfect Congo—no blood of the chivalry in her.

A head thickly padded with wool, jutting

out here and there in fantastic tufts; a nose

which looks as if it had been flattened to her

face by a single blow; lips like two sausages

at the ends, opening over large teeth, white

and glistening, boring eyes has Bena.

She is nine years old; wears shoes more

substantial than stylish—regular brogans; a

long blue woolen frock down to her heels;

a white apron, with an enormous pocket crammed

to bursting with handless dolls and their

ragged wardrobes, with broken crockery;

beads which always need stringing; and a leaf

of an old catalogue, which she knows by rote,

for she is a perfect little Papist, and crosses

herself like a saint.

What Kindness Did.

Many years ago, a certain Minister in the United States of America was going one Sunday morning, from his house to his school-room, and as he turned a corner, he saw assembled playing at marbles a party of little boys who were

around a pump. On seeing him approach,

they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could.

One little boy had succeeded in gathering up this so soon; and before

the minister had closed upon him, and placed

his hand upon his shoulder. There they were,

face to face with the minister's bedizen.

"Oh, mam'ma," she cried, "I ain't going to play with 'em!"